

The Tragedie

Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who prates continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
And flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest being scene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.

Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed weell.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
He strue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen.

Exeunt.

of Richard the third.

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heatie fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. sonne to Henry the sixth.

Ghost to K. Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesbury: dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerefull Richmond, for the wronged
Of burchred Princes fight in thy behalte,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixth.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annoited body
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die.
Harrie the sixth bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie fe
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

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